



## Eleven and Tales from the Cabin by Romobalour

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**Summary:** A series of one-shots I come up with about Eleven and Hopper in the cabin. They might related, or not. I mostly try to write fun stories.

## 1. Eleven and the Table Besides the Couch

Eleven was woken up by the thin stream of sunlight hitting her face. It was coming from between crack of the window curtain. She looked at the clock by her bedside, it ticked over to eight thirty. With a deep sigh she stood up from her bed. Flung open her bedroom door with a flick of her head and strolled towards the bathroom.

Her morning routine was simple. When she would wake up, she would go the bathroom to pee. Change out of her pajamas and sit on the couch to watch TV while waiting for Hopper to wake up. After he woke up, they would eat breakfast together. He would then either go to work or watch a few hours of TV with her if it was the weekend.

Eleven looked at Hopper. He was still laying in his bed located in the common room, as Sundays were his days off and he liked to sleep in. She tried to be quiet and continued walking.

"FUCK!" she shouted. Tears sprung up in her eyes. She reached for her foot. She did not notice that the decor of the room had shifted a bit and had hit her big toe on the little table next to the couch.

In her rage she flicked her head and threw the table towards the wall. Causing it to disintegrate into large pieces of wood.

The sudden noise woke Hopper up, before getting the surroundings he had his pistol in his hand. Ready to shoot the intruder.

"Fucking table," Eleven mumbled to herself. Still clutching her foot, looking at her big toe that was hurting.

She had started using the word 'fuck' after hearing Hopper say it. she knew it was a naughty word so only used it when he was at work. But now it got out without a second thought. She felt like it actually relieved the pain.

"What's going on here?" asked Hopper. He had now taken in his surroundings. He saw a distraught Eleven holding her foot next the couch which was missing its end table. Besides the door, he saw pieces of wood that eerily resembled the missing table.

She took a deep breath. "That table," she pointed to the wooden pieces on the floor with her head, "hurt my big toe."

"It fucking hurts," she repeated. Her eyes were still damp from the tears.

"So you decided the best course of action was to throw at the wall?" Hopper asked.

She nodded and looked angrily at the wooden pieces.

He sighed. "Come here, let me see your toe," he said while beckoning her to him. She slowly hopped over to him and sat down on his bed.

Hopper crouched down beside her and looked at the toe curiously. "Do you want a band-aid?" he asked.

"Yes, please," she nodded while wiping away the tears with her arm.

He stood up from his position and went to scavenge the bathroom for band-aids. When he got back he was holding a pink band-aid and put it around her injured toe.

"Come sit down in the kitchen, I'll make us some breakfast."

"Eggos?" she asked hopefully.

"Yea sure."

She sprung up from the bed and quickly started walking towards the kitchen. But, when she put some pressure on her toe, she flinched.

"Fuck," she said again while continuing to walk, but now on the sole of her foot. She sat down at the small dining table and immediately took a hold of her foot again. To look at the toe covered in pink.

After a few minutes the initial shock had passed away and she was patiently waiting for her Eggos.

When Hopper sat down with the plate of Eggos she immediately tried to grab one. But Hopper shoved the plate so that she missed. With a frown, she looked at the Eggos and back at Hopper before flicking

her head. One of the Eggos on the plate flew up and she caught it with her teeth. Quickly devouring it.

Hopper sighed. He sometimes wondered how he got stuck with a telekinetic kid. But that thought quickly faded when he saw the big smile on her face after eating the Eggo. He couldn't, not love the kid. However, she cursed multiple times and broke one of the cabin rules .Which he should always enforce. Letting her get away with it will make her push boundaries, something he did not want her to do. Not that she was already trying to push them like any teenager would.

"You know you have to put some of your allowance in the swear jar," he said.

She looked up at him and frowned, then at the jar behind on the kitchen counter that contained money and was labeled 'Swear Jar'.

"Don't want to," she said with a huff.

"You have to, you swore three times."

"Four," she said under her breath.

"What was that?"

"Nothing," she said quickly while getting up and walked towards her room to get three quarters. She put them in the swear jar and forgetting her morning routine she moved to the couch still in her pajamas. With a flick of her head, she turned on the TV to her favorite channel.

That is until ten minutes later she feels the urge to pee. She quickly stood up and ran to the bathroom. She was greeted with a singing Hopper, who was taking a long shower.

"Hurry up," she shouted through the flimsy door, "I have to pee."

Hopper ignored her and continued to sing loudly. After twenty minutes Hopper opened the door. Before he could step outside she rushed passed him towards the toilet. Relieved that she could finally pee.

When she stepped out of the bathroom she looked at Hopper. He was holding pieces of the broken table, putting them next to their firewood.

"Sorry for the table," she mumbled.

"No worries kid. Don't do it again next time though," he said. "Otherwise we won't have any furniture left," he said following it up with a laugh.

At this, she laughed as well and embraced Hopper in a hug.

He ruffled her curly hair. He still couldn't believe it he got a second chance at raising a child. But he was sure as hell that he would do anything to please her. Even if it meant having to buy new furniture or installing new windows. When she broke them with her sometimes scary, but amazing mind.

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*A/N: Thanks for reading my fic, it's the first one I wrote and actually published. So I hoped you liked it! I got the idea about Eleven stubbing her toe from a prompt on Tumblr by cn4455.*

*If you find any spelling or grammar mistakes, please tell me! English isn't my native language.*

## 2. Eleven and the Broomstick

Eleven was holding a broomstick and was sweeping the floor of the cabin. Hopper had started giving her chores so that she wouldn't watch TV the entire time he was at work.

Her usual chores consisted of making her bed and washing the dirty dishes from breakfast and last night's dinner. It wasn't much but it gave a little structure to her mostly lonesome days in the cabin. Besides those he usually gave her another chore that was different per day.

Today she had to swipe the floor clean, hence the broomstick in her hands. While cleaning the floor in the common she came across a blue band. It was laying on the floorboards under Hopper's bed. At first she wanted to throw it away, but it somehow looked familiar. So she decided to put it on the kitchen counter and continued swiping the floor.

When the clock neared two o'clock she was finished. She put the broomstick back in its position and headed into the kitchen. She was hungry from all the work. Hopper had made her a sandwich which she could eat in for lunch, but the yellow box in the freezer was calling out there.

Not being able to resist the urge she took the sandwich, but not before taking out one of the waffles in the yellow box. She took the bottle of orange juice as well. Now with her lunch ready she sat down on the couch and started eating.

She turned on the TV with a flick. They were showing a movie she has not yet seen. But the flying house falling down had her instantly hooked, not caring how much missed.

The movie was about a little girl who was in a weird place, she wanted to go home. On the road the girl met goofy friends like a man made out of tin, and a lion. Eleven wondered how a lion could speak, let alone a person made of hay, she would ask Hopper when he got home.

The witch had scared her, but Eleven was interested in how she was flying on a broomstick. She looked away when the witch melted, it reminded her too much of what she did at the school to the bad men.

Eleven was happy for the girl when she finally got home. She especially loved the singing throughout the movie. When the credits rolled she looked over at the broomstick and wondered. She got up and took ahold of the broomstick and sat on it. With her mind she tried to move it up, which it did partially but not much.

After multiple failed attempts she decided to first try to make the stick fly on its own. She laid it down on the floor and held her hand above it, she looked at it intensely before it flew up from the ground into her hand. This is fun she thought.

She dropped the broomstick on the floor and stepped away, held up her hand and it rises from the ground.

With the broomstick hovering at her waist level she started to move it around the cabin, making it fly. In her excitement she accidentally hit one of the animals heads in the wall, causing it to drop to the floor. She quickly moved it back to its position, hoping Hopper wouldn't find out.

Once again she was sitting on the broomstick, however this time she thought she needed a boost. So she was standing on top of the kitchen counter looked at the floor.

Holding the broom up with her powers she jumped off the counter. She was able to hold herself in the air for a second or two before crashing down hard on the floor, hitting her head hard. Because both her hands were grasping the broomstick

Laying on the floor she felt tears spring in her eyes. The fall to the ground had hurt a lot. She sat back up and felt the area on her forehead that she hit. It felt sore, and like a little bult was forming.

The broomstick she was using had broken in half. Worried that Hopper would get angry at her she flicked the pieces up in the air to hide them in the roof.



She started to feel very tired and sat back down on the couch. It wasn't until she sat down that she felt a trickle of blood falling down from her nose. She looked at her shirt and sighed at the blood droplets covering it.

She got up to change it when she heard the secret knock. She looked at the clock, it was already 6. Not wanting to use her powers she walked over to the door and opened it manually.

Hopper took one glance at her and she saw his happy smile turn into worry.

"What happened to you?" he asked.

Eleven shifted uneasy on the palms of her feet, looking down at the floor.

"Playing," she said in a quiet voice.

"Pretty wild I assume?"

She nodded.

"Does your head hurt?"

She shrugged. "Is ok."

"Are you sure, you looked pretty banged up."

"It's ok," she repeated. Stepping aside so that Hopper can fully enter the cabin.

When he stepped further into the house he felt something crunch under his feet. He looked down and saw wooden splinters.

"What did i tell you about doing your chores? No chores, no Eggos."

Eleven let out a huff. "Happened after," she said.

"Get the broomstick, and clean it up. Then i might let it go."

She looked uneasy at the roof where the two pieces of the broomstick where hanging. Not being able to hold in her guilt of breaking it she

started to sob.

"I'm sorry, " she started, "I- I broke it. Didn't mean to."

Not being able to be angry at the distress kid, he pulled her into a hug. He himself wasn't that much of a hugger himself, but it just felt right. "Its okay kid, i can try and repair it... where is it?"

With a clunk the wooden pieces fell down from the roof on the floor.

He let go of her and went to pick up the pieces. "How did you manage this?"

"Playing, like movie."

He looked over at the TV that was currently showing a Tide commercial. Useful for getting those blood stains out he thought. Turing back to Eleven with her blood covered t-shirt.

"What movie?"

"One with tin man, and talking lion. Was playing like witch. Hurt myself when i tried to fly."

"Wizard of Oz?"

She nodded. "I jumped and fell. Broke broom."

"Where did you jump off from?"

She pointed towards the counter.

He looked over. "What! Are you cra-"

He stopped when he noticed the blue band lying on it, with a few steps he was near it and picked it up.

"Where did you get this?" he asked while turning towards her. A few tears had sprung up in his eyes.

"Under bed," she said confused. Unsure why Hopper was acting like that.

"Thank you. I've been looking for it for five days."

He again embraced her in a hug. Albeit now it was a little tighter.

"What is it?" she asked while in the unexpected embrace.

"It's a hair band. Girls put it in their hair to keep it out of their face."

"You're not a girl?" she asked, confused. "And mine is too short," she added.

"It belonged to someone close to me," he said.

"Oh. Okay," she said. Letting go of the hug.

"I'm hungry," she said while walking towards the kitchen.

"So am I kid," he said. He had put the hair band back on his arm and followed her into the kitchen to prepare the food.

Eleven usually helped him prepare dinner. However today Hopper recommended her to take a shower and put on a clean t shirt. As she was sweaty from all the playing and exhausting her powers.

When she was done the food was ready and they both seated themselves at the table and dug in to the TV meal.

Eleven looked down at her food, she was still curious if lions could talk.

"Can lions talk?" she asked.

Hopper stifled his laugh. "No kid, those things just happen in movies."